

Imogen awakes.
 Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
 I thanke you: by yond bush pray how farre thecher? A
 'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet? I haue
 I haue gone all night: Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
 But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
 These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
 For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so!
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it
 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his louall face
 Murder in heauen? How 'tis gone. *Pisano*,
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be dard on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisano*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisano*)
 From this most brauest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisano might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisano*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugg he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it?
 Murd'rous to'th Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisano*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh
 Giue colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seeme to those
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Capitaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
 You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
 They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
 Vnder the Conduct of bold *Lachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 Be must'r'd: bid the Capitaines looke too't. Now Sir,
 What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
 (Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)

Successe to th' Roman host.

Luc. Dreame often so,
 And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
 Without his top? The ruine speaks, that sometime
 It was a wort hy building. How? a Page?
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
 Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'll then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
 Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 They craue to be demanded: who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
 There is no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
 Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
 Finde such another Master.

Luc. Lacke, good youth:

Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.
Imo. *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do
 No harme by it, though the Gods heere, I hope
 They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidole* Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:
 Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Confull to me, should not sooner
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
 Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
 With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
 And on it said a Century of prayers
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
 And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
 So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's prefer'd
 By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.

Cym. Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
 A Feaour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heaueus,
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
 Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
 So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharpe Torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,

I humbly serit at your will: But for my Mistis,
 I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
 Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was heere;
 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
 All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublsome:
 Wee'll slip you for a season, but our ialousie
 Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Maiesty,
 The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queene,
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:
 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
 The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
 That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
 And meete the Time, as it seeks vs. We feare not
 What can from Italy annoy vs, but
 We greuee at chanc'es heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Pisano. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
 I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
 Nor heere I from my Mistis, who did promise
 To yeeld me oftentimes. Neither know I
 What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
 Perplex in all. The Heaueus still must worke:
 Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
 These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
 Euen to the note o'th King, or Ile fall in them:
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
 Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
 From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope
 Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
 Must, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs
 For barbarous and vnnatural Reuolts
 During their vse, and slay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,

Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..
 To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
 Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
 Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
 Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
 Which we haue done, whole answer would be death
 Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,
 That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
 Aye cares so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time vpon our note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
 Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
 (Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
 From my remembrance. And besides, the King
 Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
 Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding:
 The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
 To haue the courtlye your Cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
 The shinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th Army:
 I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
 So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arui. By this Sunne that shines
 He thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
 Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
 But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
 Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had
 A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
 Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
 To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
 The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
 So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heaueus Ile go,
 If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
 Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So say I, Amen.
Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you see)
 So slight a valeuation) should reuerue
 My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
 If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
 That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
 Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
 Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am with
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murder Wives much better then themselves

bbb 2

For